

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No 22.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday November 28, 1891.

Subscription, \$2 a Year

Charles L. Moore
Editor

A Presbyterian who likes the Blade and me.

OFFICE OF THE "CHURCH MILITANT," No. 6 UNION PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Mr. C. C. Moore, Editor of Blade.
Dear Sir:—May the Lord bless thee out of Zion. Glad to see the Blade once more.

I will put it on my list of Prohibition papers which I propose to keep standing, and if it is convenient for you give the Militant a (illegible.)

Yours Fraternally,
EDITOR CHURCH MILITANT.

A notice of this paper on the letter head is as follows.

The Church Militant is a small religious paper which aims to tell the truth on all moral questions.

Arranging our present pseudo Christian civilization with the direction of the ancient Hebrew Prophets, it announces the kingdom of God as now at hand. It is wholly new in the matter and design. The organ of no sect, it goes untrammelled straight for righteousness.

Published monthly at 25c. per annum. Sample copies free. Address The Church Militant, No. 6 Union Place Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Keeley's Bichloride of Gold "Don't Prohibit" Worth a Cent.

I have received a communication signed "Subscriber," containing an account, from the Courier-Journal, a Democratic whisky paper, of the signal failure of Keeley's bichloride of gold, as a cure for drunkenness.

This alleged wonderful discovery has been boomed by the liquor papers to encourage men to drink liquor, by telling them that when they want to stop the habit they can take a few doses of a wonderful medical preparation that has lately been discovered by a Dr. Keeley.

Keeley showed himself a fraud and humbug, by claiming that the secret was known only to himself and refusing to divulge it to any one else.

If a man could discover a remedy of that kind and keep it to himself he would be a brute, and any man who claims that he is keeping such a secret and running the risk of his dying so that the world might lose it, proclaims himself so regardless of human welfare that he is not to be trusted, and his claim came fraught with improbability.

Prohibitionists and other temperance people all seemed to recognize Keeley's pretended discovery as a fraud, and of course would naturally suspect that the liquor people knew it to be a fraud, else they would not have recommended it for of course liquor dealers are not going to damage their own business by encouraging the use of a medical preparation that would give men a distaste for liquor.

But if the liquor liars could gull the fools that are most liable to patronize their business, into the belief that there is something that can save them from the horrible effects of the liquor evil, when they may want to quit it, it would, for a while, stimulate the liquor business. So the lying scoundrels boomed the Keeley humbug for all that was in it.

Prohibition papers exposed it and the liquor men claimed that the Prohibitionists were opposed to it, because—the liquor men said—it was for the interest of the Prohibitionists to have men suffer and die from liquor.

"The note that I received says, The enclosed paragraphs from the Courier-Journal of November 7th. are suggestive. The idea has obtained largely in the West and South during the past two years that this man Keeley and his bichloride of gold could reverse the laws of nature and eradicate from a broken and diseased constitution the deadly ravages of the drink habit—a pleasing hallucination, forsooth, to the many thousand chronic inebriates of the land, and a standing temptation and invitation to our youth to "drink all you wish, and come when you are bad off."

The New York Voice has a fuller account of the case than we have in the Courier-Journal, but I prefer to give the account that

has been sent me from the Courier-Journal, because drunkards would not believe anything they might see in the Voice, a Prohibition paper, while they will believe anything they see in a Democratic paper.

The account from the Courier-Journal is as follows:

New York, Nov. 6.—For nearly a month newspapers all over this country have been reprinting an article written by Col. John Mines, LL. D., for the October number of the North American Review. It was the most authoritative, as well as the most interesting, article that had yet appeared regarding Dr. Leslie B. Keeley's bichloride of gold cure for drunkenness and who proclaimed the efficacy of the cure. He fairly shouted his joy at being cured. He was now, he said, and all the old passion for drink had gone. He had tested himself in every possible way, but not a drop of intoxicating liquor had passed his lips since a day in April last, when his treatment was beginning at Dwight, Ill., and when he had taken some whisky at Dr. Keeley's advice.

Col. Mines was generally accepted as the champion of the Keeley cure. He was so quoted from ocean to ocean that it is hardly exaggeration to say that the faith of nearly every drunkard in the land, who hoped to be reclaimed, was pinned upon the cure of this man, who had been a drunkard at intervals for twenty years.

Col. Mines began a prolonged spree ten days ago. He was found drunk in the gutter on Wednesday last, was committed to the work-house on Blackwell's Island, and died there yesterday morning.

I have seen in some exchange a prescription of a Georgia man to men who want to reform from drunkenness, that I think will work all right.

I am "quit drinking liquor."

The Christian Standard and Have Done Injustice to Ingessoll.

I have lately published from the Christian Standard, an item that charged Ingessoll with great inconsistency, because it said—he posed as a moralist and had not been the champion of any modern reform.

It is my desire to conciliate "orthodox" Christians just as far as I honestly can; and under this impulse I went further in endorsing the rather bitter editorial of the Christian Standard than I now see I ought to have done—further light on the subject having been obtained.

I still think it inconsistent in Ingessoll that he is not a Prohibitionist, but he is a Woman Suffragist, and that is the worst thing to it. I believe if he lives five years longer he will be a Prohibitionist, for I can not see how a man who pays such tribute to morals can be anything else.

In all that I have heard and read from Ingessoll I have yet to hear or read one utterance that was disparaging to the character of Jesus of Nazareth, or to the code of morals that he taught; while as to the teaching of Jesus on the subject of immortality, Ingessoll simply says he does not know. And that is all that any man can honestly say.

The extract from a recent talk of Col. Ingessoll, that I give in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In it Col. Ingessoll plainly announces himself in favor of Woman Suffrage, and talks against prize fighting and one feature of the race course.

Of course I would rather have had him disclaim the race horse business in toto, but what he says refutes the charge of the Standard that he has not championed any great reform nor spoken against any of the popular vices.

The fact of the thing is that in this regard, like four-fifths of the Christians, he is against any of the popular sins, until he comes to the daddy of all the crimes—the liquor traffic—and then the Colonel, flickers, and bows down before the jug of Kentucky whisky that Alfred Hammer gave him, just like Bro. Harrison tips his hat—or rather his grandpa's hat—to the barrel of Scotch whisky that Carnegie gave him.

It makes no difference whether Christian or infidel, everybody except old Prohib, bares his head in reverence and gets down on his knees, when the whisky barrel is rolled out.

Christian and infidel will join in a common crusade against the lottery and the race course, the bawdy house and the gambling hell, irrationalism in female attire and the lewd drama, the tobacco habit and ball going, novel reading, concealed weapons, swearing, obscene language, opium dens, cruelty to animals, base ball, card playing, craps, and singing "Annie Rooney;" but when it comes to the gigantic sin that towers like Pelion on Ossa, above all

these—the liquor damnation—all except the handful of Prohibition "fanatics" call a halt and draw the line, and say that to discuss the liquor traffic is carrying religion into politics, trampling on the "personal rights" of men, and a lot of stuff that is sickening to repeat.

Ingessoll and great clergymen alike cut and slash and kick around a lot of peccadilloes, but they alike abate their righteous indignation when they run up against the business of the saloon man. Then "heathen Bob" thanks Alfred Hammer for his jug, and Presbyterian deacon Bro. Harrison thanks Carnegie for his barrel.

Old Bob will skin Bro. Harrison's Presbyterianism until it's the most miserable looking carcass you ever saw, but he stays his valiant sword when he comes to Bro. Harrison's barrel.

The Inter-Ocean's interview with Col. Ingessoll is as follows: Col. Robert G. Ingessoll yesterday sustained his reputation for an ability to give a thoroughly in touch talk upon any subject in which the public is or ever was interested. After his labors on Col. Babcock's suit and the railroad case which brought him to the city, the genial pope stretched himself out in his room at the Grand Pacific and found something worthy of earnest comment in every current topic from woman suffrage to horse racing. His opinion of the former topic will endear him to the suffragists whatever they may think of his religion.

"I claim no right that I am not willing to give to my wife and daughter and to the wives and daughters of other men," he said. "We will never have a generation of great men until we have had a generation of great women. I do not regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue, nor uselessness as one of the requisites of a lady. I am a believer in equal rights. Those who are amenable to the laws should have a voice in making the laws. In every department where woman has had an equal opportunity with man, she has shown that she has equal capacity."

"George Sand was a great writer, George Eliot was one of the greatest, Mrs. Browning a marvelous poet—and the lyric beauty of her 'Mother and Poet' is greater than anything her husband ever wrote. Harriet Martineau is a wonderful woman, and Ouida is probably the greatest living writer, man or woman. Give the women a chance."

The Colonel's recent election as a life member of the Manhattan Athletic club, due strangely enough to a speech of his denouncing certain forms of sport, was referred to and this led him to express his contempt for prize fighting, and then he said on the subject of horse racing:

"The only objection I have to horse racing," he said "is its cruelty. The whip and spur should be banished from the track. As long as these are used the race track will breed a very low and heartless set of men. I hate to see a brute whip and spur a noble animal. The good people object to racing because of the betting, but bad people, like myself, object to the cruelty. Men are not forced to bet. That is their own business, but the poor horse, straining every nerve, does not ask for the lash and iron. Abolish torture on the track and let the best horse win."

Scott County Needs a wet Nurse.

Scott county, Kentucky, has shown itself incapable of taking care of itself. The state ought to annul its corporate rights and appoint a guardian to take care of it.

I give a series of occurrences here (I am in Scott) that have all been within a few weeks.

A negro man killed a white man. He said he did it because the man, a bachelor, was too intimate with his wife. The negro came to Georgetown and surrendered himself for trial and was put in jail.

A mob of white men went to the jail, took the negro out and hung him. The minute details of the hanging have been given in the papers of this town—what the men said and what they did.

The jailer who was in charge of the negro was not wounded or in any way hurt in his attempt to protect his prisoner.

Nobody has been arrested for the hanging of that negro; and there is no probability that there will be.

No official was hurt in any effort to stop them. When they got through shooting there were two men killed and one badly wounded. One of the men killed was a very valuable citizen of the town, and was killed by a stray shot while standing in the door of his business house.

It was in the day time and in the most prominent part of the town.

When they were done shooting, the marshal of the town persuaded them to go to jail with him. A few days after, a man and woman, who seemed to be respectable people, came here to preach, as "salvation army" people do.

While they were conducting a religious service just as such people do elsewhere, a bad boy threw a large cannon fire cracker into the crowd that was listening to them. The boy was not arrested, but the man and woman were, and were promptly put in jail.

Several days since the Kendalls broke out of jail and escaped. They have not been captured and there seems to be no probability that they will be.

Somebody ought to be responsible for this. I have never believed that those men would be punished. The father of those who escaped is yet in jail. He killed the valuable citizen. I do not believe he will ever be punished. He was once chairman of the Democratic county committee.

I do not know how he will escape punishment, but it will be done somehow. Another prisoner who had killed a man had escaped out of this same jail not long before the Kendalls did.

There has been a session of the circuit court since the Kendalls did the killing. Their case was "put off." That's the way it is nearly always done.

Soon the people will begin to say it's no use to punish the poor old man since all the boys are gone, and the newspapers will contain reports of his sad condition and distress of mind, and everybody will say he has been punished enough by having to stay in such a bad old jail, and anybody who says he has not been will be frowned down as a hard hearted man, and when the next court comes on some of the principal will be "put off" again. By that time somebody else will kill a few more people, and the public mind will be occupied by the new case.

After a while somebody will ask "What ever became of old man Kennell's case?" and the other fellow will answer, "Oh, he was let out long ago; the commonwealth's witnesses could not be found, and the Judge dismissed the case."

The Georgetown Times made an effort to institute a moral reform here some time ago. It turned its batteries on the small boy smoking cigarettes. Four issues of the paper poured hot shot into that enormous evil that threatens to throw this government into anarchy; but public sentiment would not sustain the Georgetown Times, and backed the small boy, and the heroic editor retired broken-hearted and discouraged from the unequal contest.

But his valiant words will go ringing down the corridors of time and posterity will build a monument to his memory.

Instead of two inverted flambeaus crossed above an urn, there will be two cigarette stumps, still smoking, and crossed above a spittoon.

It makes my heart ache to see how the editor of that paper has immolated himself upon the altar of his county and yet how poorly he has been requited.

But virtue is its own reward.

Bro. Briggs Still Holds the Fort.

The Presbyterians have dismissed the case against Dr. Charles A. Briggs, charged with heresy, in the following language.

"RESOLVED. That the Presbytery of New York, having listened to the paper of Charles A. Briggs, D. D., in the case of the Presbyterian church of the United States of America against him as to the sufficiency of the charges and specifications in form and legal effect, and without approving of the position taken in the inaugural address, and at the same time desiring earnestly the peace and quiet of the church in view of the declarations of Dr. Briggs, touching his loyalty to the church and the Westminster standards, and in view of his disclaimers of interpretations put on some of his words, deems it best to dismiss the case and does so dismiss it."

Such secular papers as the Times, Herald and Sun, all of New York, seem to think that the presbytery of New York has eaten crow. But it seems to me that

it's something of a "draw," or "stale mate." Dr. Briggs, it is true, has said some things considerably in advance of regular Presbyterianism—and who has not?—but when they began to corner him, he did the Crustacean act, and advanced backward, or hedged.

He did this by claiming that his words had been misinterpreted.

He either meant to make an issue with his church or did not, and if he did not so intend he has been unfortunately long in making himself understood.

I do not think he has had the full courage of his convictions and do think he has quailed at the thunders of the odium theologium. The Presbyterian church however, in dismissing the case against him, has per consequence been dragged in advance of its former position in some particulars, that make "entering wedges" for still further advances.

For instance in dismissing the charge of heresy against Briggs the Presbyterian church has conceded one position of Bishop Colenso, for which the church of England, namely that the Pentateuch is not genuine.

Briggs, in his letter of defense, which the Presbytery accepted, said:

"It is a fact that I have taught and most firmly hold and assert 'that Moses is not the author of the Pentateuch, and that Isaiah is not the author of half the book which bears his name.'"

In other words the Presbyterian church has, in its highest court, admitted that nobody knows the author, or authors of the first five books of the Old Testament; and of course as soon as that church surrenders the claim of the genuineness of the first five books of the Bible, their authenticity must logically be abandoned, and there is no corroborative evidence of their authenticity, and the whole Bible story of the creation, and the garden of Eden, of the "fall of man," of the tower of Babel and the Noachian deluge, go at one fell swoop; and the Presbyterian church has practically, if not *de facto*, decided that a man can be a good Presbyterian and not believe any of those stories.

But lest any of those brethren should be grieved above measure, at this ruthless surrender, by their leaders, of what has hitherto been deemed by them as very sacred, I would call their fainting spirits to the fact that the story of Balaam's ass, and that of Jonah and the whale still stand unimpaired; and as the mythical and unsubstantial Mr. Moses had nothing to do with the writing of those two cherished narratives.

When therefore, the gainsayer and scoffer guys us with the collapse and disbanding of Noah's menagerie, let us challenge him to disprove that story about Jonah and the whale, and you will find that he can't quite come it.

The New York Sun in commenting on the status says:

"The dismissal of the case against Dr. Briggs by a large majority of the ministers and elders of the New York presbytery indicates that the body is ready to go into a discussion of the questions involved. It is an attempt to avoid a dangerous controversy and an effort to escape the necessity of expressing an opinion as to the specific teachings of the accused heretic."

"The New York presbytery has announced practically that the fallibility or infallibility of the Bible is a debatable question as to which a Presbyterian theologian may think as he pleases."

"Who is the Greatest Man in the World?"

My sixteen-year old son, asked me not long since, "Papa who do you think is the greatest man in the world?"

I told him that the question was so broad and there were such different varieties of greatness that it would be hard to answer, but that I thought in morals Count Tolstoi of Russia was the greatest, while in physics I thought Edison the greatest.

I have just finished reading "The Arena" for November, and I am now prepared to answer definitely the question of my son.

While I recognize the intimate relation between physics and morals, and that the former, by imperceptible gradations merge into the latter, I recognize that of science, morals is the greater, because that is the full fruition of the other, and that which bears the more directly upon human happiness.

The greatest man in the world, to me, then, is the man who, in my judgment is doing the most to advance morals. That is B. O. Flower the editor of "The Arena." And so I now answer my son's question.

He is not a modern sentimental aggregation of pistil and petal, stamen and corolla, "born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but his presence will be felt in every moral breeze that fans the fevered brow of hope deferred, wherever good women and good men are struggling for the pure, the beautiful, and the good, like a spice laden zephyr from "Araby the blest."

Mr. Flower was, I believe, born in Illinois, and he is the son of a preacher in what is variously known as the Christian, Reform, Disciples and Campbellite church, and he had a brother who was also a minister in that church. Mr. Flower was educated at Kentucky University in Lexington, and Rev. J. W. McGarvey, who is professor of theology in that institution said recently to me, that young Flower, while a student there, stood at the head of his classes.

It seems to me that no scholarly moralist can afford to do without his magazine.

Let anyone should think that what I say is one of the many insinuating varieties of advertisements that editors dishonestly smuggle into their editorials, I will say that, to the best of my knowledge, Editor Flower does not know of my existence on the earth, and that to guard against suspicion and to "avoid the very appearance of evil," I would not, for what I am now saying, even accept his magazine for a year, nor will I send him a "marked copy" of this paper.

Rev. McGarvey and Congressman Breckinridge of this city have each written articles for the "Arena," but in each of their departments, theological and political, Flower gives us an intellectual and moral pabulum that is as superior to theirs as is a "saddle rock" on the "half shell" to a "Cove" oyster, or the lonely bivalve that floats in the conchosome of a church fair, "grand, gloomy and peculiar in the solitude of his own originality."

Religiously, Editor Flower is in sympathy with such men as McGarvey, Briggs, Harper, Swing, Newman, Cave and George C. Lorimer. Politically he is a Prohibitionist and Woman Suffragist of the strictest sort.

Almost every issue has an editorial in support of the Prohibition movement.

His championship of Prohibition comes with unusual force, from the fact that the magazine is, of course, not edited in the interest of Prohibition, but of good morals generally; though, like us who make a specialty of combating the liquor traffic, he seems to regard that as the greatest and most formidable foe to all that is good.

Speaking of this evil he says: "The saloon, the black plague of the nineteenth century life, overlaps all other degrading evils, its miasma of death fills every retinue of degradation, and, until its ever increasing power is checked, nay, more until its power in American politics is broken, other allies in crime, debauchery, and moral death will flourish."

Like our most competent Prohibition writers and speakers he holds the churches responsible for the existence of the liquor traffic, and proposes a remedy for it.

He says: "Professing Christians are more loyal to party hacks and demagogues than they are to their own homes and country."

The saloon is a unit in its voting strength, loyal to its tools and relentless to its foes, and the voting power of the saloon element in any great city when united with the voting strength of the Christian element in either of the great parties, turns the scales for the millions of the rum power."

He proposes a plan to break the alliance of the church with the rum power, from which I give an extract.

"Suppose in every church four or six earnest men and women form a league for the protection of home; let them secure the pledge of every voter in the church who has love for his fellow-men and respect for decent government, that he will vote for no man for any office, who patronizes a saloon, who fraternizes with the liquor element, or who is supported by the rum shops, and that he will use all honorable means to further good government, by seeking the advancement of pure and upright citizens."

Accept the Amendment.

We talk proudly about the "brotherhood of man" but it begins to look as though the sisterhood of women is a phrase that means fully as much. (New York Voice.)

I always thought the "brotherhood" embraced the "sisterhood," but if there is any doubt about it they shall not be left out in the cold so far as I am concerned. I am always ready to take them to my hospitable bosom.

ELECTED!

Our high qualities and low prices have won, and we are far in lead on Underwear and Hosiery.

Just What You Want:

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In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Ladies.
In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Children.
In fast black Hosiery for Ladies, Gents and Children.
In Union Suits and Jersey-ribbed Underwear for Ladies.
In Cloaks and Jackets for Misses and Ladies.
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New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woven Dress Material.

Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS.

Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Gingham in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.

Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair, worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.

"O Jimmy we have Missed Thee,
Welcome, Welcome Home."

I am going to tell you one of the regulation Sunday-School teacher bank cashier stories just as it occurred right here in Lexington, and then I will tell the Lexington Transcript tell the story in the Transcript's style, calling your attention to the fact that the Transcript has lately laid down as a principle in journalism that it is legitimate business to sell the sentiments of its editorial columns, and admitted that it did this in advocating the claims of Davidson, a saloon proprietor, for Mayor of Lexington.

If anybody says I mean to insinuate in the following account that the Transcript has been paid by Scrugham to write the piece I deny the charge.

I do not know anything about that, and do not insinuate anything. I only say that if I had taken money from Davidson under the circumstances that the Transcript did, I would not hesitate to take money from Scrugham for writing this piece that the Transcript has published, but I do not set myself up as a criterion for others.

The plain facts in the case of Scrugham are these. He played the regular Sunday-School teacher game; robbed the bank of which he was cashier of \$55,000, deserted a loving wife and children, and ran off to Canada. He has probably been unsuccessful in gambling; his money is all gone, and now the scheme is to get the new Democratic governor to pardon him so that he can come home to his Sunday-School class and get another soft place.

I do not know anything about v. Brown except that nearly every drunkard in the state, who sober enough to get to the polls for him, and I suppose that tens of thousands of the saloon men and distillers in the state voted for him.

Among all the saloon-keepers and distillers that I know, and know of, I think there is only one who voted against Governor Brown.

About the time that this scheme to get the governor to pardon Scrugham is going on, the governor was at a ball in Lexington, from which two of the leading spirits, a son of Congressman Breckinridge and a son of Rev. Arnold, retired to a livery stable and mashed up each others' faces in a fist fight.

I do not know that Governor Brown's being at the ball has anything to do with the matter more especially under consideration, further than the fact that it shows a gay and festive disposition in the governor that might give him some sympathy with the gay and festive Mr. Scrugham. The Transcript bases its argument for the pardon of Bro. Scrugham on the fact that others have been pardoned who did just as bad as Bro. Scrugham.

The Transcript is solid in that position. Nor is that all. We have now in this state the case of a man who absconded with the money of a great many people. The papers said he would be put in the penitentiary if he were ever caught. He came back after a while, was elected Mayor of his town, and not long since was elected to another important office, he rolling out the whisky by the barrel, and a drunken fight resulting in which several men were killed and wounded.

The Transcript is right in its position that the rule here is that the men who steal on a big gentlemanly scale shall not be punished for it. If the devil has not got "honest" Dick Tate, and does not get him before the \$350,000 that he stole from the state of Kentucky gives out, Bro. Tate who along with Bro. Scrugham, was a leader in the Baptist church, will be back too.

It is very touching, the style in which the Transcript talks about "Jimmy." When we used to know him here five years ago, and before he had been published as having stolen \$55,000, he was known as plain "Jim," but the privations he has undergone in living in Canada hotels has endeared him to the great throbbing generous heart of the Lexington journalist, and we hear of him as "Jimmy."

It looks to me like a blasted shame that "Jimmy" should have been ostracized as he has for the peccadillo of taking \$55,000; and I believe he ought to bring suit against the state for the loss of time and the inconvenience he has sustained, for the matter of stealing \$55,000 to bet on a horse race, when his only purpose in doing so was "to get even again" he having bet on the horse that did not get there soon enough.

In a country where the "upper crust" Christian people go to horse races, and the city government authorizes "pool" rooms, and the aristocracy vote for the managers of pool rooms, it does look bad that for the mere matter of pocketing \$55,000 to bet on a race horse, a beloved Sunday-School teacher should be put to all this inconvenience, and annoyance.

But the Transcript tells the story so much more touchingly

pathetic than I can do that I reproduce it in full, head lines and all.

It is as follows:

JIMMY SCRUGHAM.

A Rumor That His Long Sojourn in Canada

Will Soon Come to an End, And That

HE WILL RETURN TO KENTUCKY

In the early part of January, 1885, Jas. G. Scrugham, teller and assistant cashier of the City National Bank, fled to Canada, where he has continued to reside. Everybody knew Jimmy Scrugham, and no young man in Kentucky of his age, was a finer business man or had brighter prospects. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a teacher in the Sunday-School, and accounted a model in every respect. But horse races, pool rooms and stock speculation got the better of his judgment, as they have with that of many a good man, and he fell. He fled to Windsor, Canada, and has remained there, it is said, ever since. He was the principal stockholder in the Electric Light Company, which would have made him a rich man. He also owned stock in the Overland Telephone Company.

Just what the amount of short- age was, has not, we believe, been made public, but it is said to have been about \$55,000, of which amount Mr. M. G. Thompson paid \$25,000, being on his bond for that amount. The balance is said to have been paid with the proceeds of property belonging to Scrugham and relatives.

It is now said that Scrugham will likely return before long from Canada. That his friends have been at work quietly for some time past, and that if those who lost by him will not prosecute, he will be pardoned by Gov. Brown. Some of his friends claim that he is entitled to a pardon just as much as several others who fled to Canada and have been pardoned and permitted to return. Those who knew Jimmy Scrugham well all say he was a much better man than many who never saw Canada, and that his fall was due to a mania for race horse betting that seized him. That in a desperate endeavor to get even again, he got in deeper and deeper, and finding he could not recoup himself, he fled.

Says I Write "lots of Good Things"—Discusses the Sabbath—Wants my Picture in the Blade.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., Oct. 30, '91. Mr. C. C. Moore, Editor B. G. B. DEAR SIR—The B. G. B. came to me this a. m. for the first time in nearly two months. I enclose you \$1.00 for the same. Please put on label so I will know when the time expires. The Blade is a very welcome visitor to my table. You write lots of good things, and I have tried to size you up in my mind.

I have enjoyed very many things the Blade has said. Sometimes it has borne down hard on the church; but the church, or some of its members need all they get.

I am about forty six years old. My life was a checkered one up to fifteen years ago.

Then I was constrained to close up the old ledger—as I may call it—with all its blots and mistakes, and I opened a new book. One night while on my way home, all alone, nobody near, with the beautiful canopy of heaven over me, and the bright stars looking down upon me, I met with a change of heart that I can not explain. I was made a new man; my course was changed. I, prior to that time, had been aiding the liquor interest by my vote.

I stopped short and cast my first Prohibition vote for Green Clay Smith. The vote was counted "scattering," but it was cast right, and I was not particular about its count.

Since then I have spent a great deal of money and time also for the cause of Prohibition. To-day if I should vote for either of the candidates of the Republicans or Democrats who I know will favor liquor legislation, I would not be one whit better than the man who sells the liquor, and of course the liquor dealer is just as good a man as the minister who votes the same ticket.

I am glad that so many ministers are working and voting for Prohibition. They should be encouraged; also the Christian men and women. You give the ministers down the banks sometimes for their indifference to Prohibition,

You seem to forget that to take the ministers out we would not have so good a time for Prohibition as now. They and the very best and most earnest men in the church are Prohibits, and we should encourage them.

The Prohibitionists are getting to be the backbone of the church, but we must have patience. The Prohibitionists should not leave the church, but get it right—clean out the license hypocrites and make the church what Christ intended it to be.

I am a Methodist, and have been a trustee for perhaps eight years. We have a good church and a true Christian minister. We pay him \$2,000 a year.

Now suppose he should go to the polls and vote for a license system. I would call him a hypocrite and prove it to him, and I would make things so hot that I would bring a church trial and find out who was right, he or I. This is what every church that pretends to have any religion should do—purge itself, clean the house and get the old bums and bats out of the pulpits and churches, and let those that are trying to follow Jesus run our churches. So I say to the Prohibitionists stick to the church but purge it and make it pure.

And now Bro. Moore I don't believe in all that you say and do. Some time last summer you spoke of working on the Sabbath day. I think a man that does that sets a bad example, and is doing an injustice to his fellow men. Suppose we abandon the Sabbath. Won't the laboring men have to work the whole seven days in the week?

Freight and passenger trains and steamboats would run as on other days in the week, which would make it very hard for the laborers and animals and everything else that now have a day, or part of a day to rest.

I love to drive out on the Sabbath day, but not with a team that has worked all the week. I love to look at the beautiful grassy fields, the flowers and foliage, and see the beautiful fields of grain and many other grand and beautiful things God has given to us to make us happy, and I want my fellow men to enjoy the same.

But when we throw up the Sabbath day the manufacturers will soon take advantage of it, and tell their employees they must work the whole seven days.

No, no, we can't spare the Sabbath day—let us keep it and let us keep the church and Sabbath-School and the true preacher, but fire the bad ones. I am a Prohibitionist because I believe it to be right. Have spent some money and time—rode hundreds of miles, paid every one my own expenses and talked as I pleased. I think if our speakers would charge less and do more work the thing would come quicker. A man who will charge fifty dollars for one speech and take it out of the pockets of a few Prohibitionists is a scoundrel, and should be retired. If any of the great reformers had charged fifty dollars a night there never would have been a reformation.

Such men as do that are in for the money and not for the love of the cause, and I say away with them. People can't be made to believe they are sincere.

Now Bro. Moore I am glad they have let you live. You thought at one time that the rum element would feed you to the vultures of the air. I hope you may live to do lots of good for Prohibition.

I wish you would have a cut made from a photograph and print it in your paper right along. I am anxious to see how you look. It will be a good scheme and will take, and when I O. U. another dollar send me a postal card, and I will remit.

Yours for the best reform ever started.

D. R. WOOD.

Of course I appreciate the compliment in being asked to put my picture in the Blade; but I guess it will never be. I have been noticing the kind of people who do get their mugs in the newspapers and the kind who do not, and I would rather stay on the outside.

I have never had my picture taken but once since I was a boy, and that was just before the war when I was a preacher and I had on a clerical coat. If I ever have another one it will be because they get me in the "rogues gallery," and hold me while they snatch my mug, or somebody will take me on the fly with a Kodak.

About that "Sabbath" business I will not say much as I have several times made some argument about it recently.

As to my working on Sunday; while my conscience is of course just as clear to work on Sunday as any other day, I did not work a team that had worked all the week, nor will I work or allow to be worked too much, any team, on any day.

The case to which the brother alludes was one when, in corn plowing time, it had been too wet to plow for days, and both I and my mules and horses were tired of doing nothing.

When Sunday came it was a beautiful day for plowing, and I got a mule and plowed corn all day. I fed the mule well at noon,

and ate no dinner myself because I wanted others to have a Sunday rest.

I never spent a more delightful day, and the mule never rebuked me for it, as I believe he would have done if I had been doing wrong. His name was Balaam, and I called him that because he had a kind of a preacher sanctimoniousness about him that made me believe he was a lineal descendant, on his father's side, of that donkey in the Bible that delivered a lecture to his boss. While my New York friend was riding around and enjoying the beauties of nature like a butterfly does, I was making some money to pay my debts, and to have some left to run a newspaper against the liquor traffic and religious superstition, and you see I got there, for the Blade is here.

Not only is the Sabbath opposed to the Christian religion but its enforcement is in direct violation of the spirit and constitution of the American government.

I am in favor of the "World's Fair" at Chicago being thrown wide open on Sunday, and run at full blast.

The Arena for November has an article on Sunday observance called "Sunday at the World's Fair." It gives my full opinion on the subject of "Sabbath" observance.

The writer says: "Nowhere in the Bible can they find any command to keep Sunday as a 'holy day,' neither can they there find where the Jewish Sabbath was ever changed to the first day of the week—Sunday.

This change was made by Constantine's edict, in 321 A. D., which was the first law, either ecclesiastic or civil, by which the sabbatic observance of Sunday was ordained."

Ingersoll's Thanks for Whisky.

A Chicago gentleman sent Col. R. G. Ingersoll a quart of fine old Kentucky whisky a day or two ago. To-day the following unique reply was received:

CHICAGO, October 27. Alfred Hammer, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Accept my thanks for the package of happiness, of good nature, of mental serenity and exaltation that you were kind enough to send me. In this world of trouble, pain and sorrow it is a great thing to have sunshine in a portable and potable form, so that one can laugh at clouds and frosts and make a climate to suit himself. Thanking you again, I remain yours truly,

"R. G. INGERSOLL."

The above excerpt from a newspaper comes to me in an envelope without explanation.

I think it absolutely unparagonable in Ingersoll. He is like thousands of ministers and other Christians in this land, willing to blast many of the short comings of humanity when he has popular sentiment in his favor. But when it comes to the greatest of all sins, the liquor curse, he doffs his cap and in cowardly suppliance "bends the pregnant hinges of the knee" before it.

Compare that letter to that fellow who has sent Ingersoll a jug of whisky to get his endorsement of the liquor traffic, with the beautiful letter Ingersoll wrote to that California mother whose son had just died, and see how is the mighty fallen.

I suppose the letter is genuine. If it is so, and Ingersoll does not apologize for it, I repudiate him.

I have, in my book and in my paper, said more for him than all the writers in Kentucky have said. I could have been, and would have been, a rich and popular man if I had not endorsed Ingersoll, though I had left the pulpit on account of my views before I ever heard his name; but a man who can subordinate the mighty genius that he has to such an enormity as the liquor traffic, simply because it is a factor in politics, though that traffic is ruining the youth of the land more than all other sins put together, and really is the source of nearly all sins and crimes, is not my ideal of a man.

If some gentleman had sent Ingersoll a fine overcoat that would make him "laugh at the clouds and frosts and make a climate to suit himself," his note of acknowledgement would not have been published in the newspapers. But when some unknown scrub whisky drummer or distiller sends him a jug of whisky to get his endorsement of it, as soap makers send soap to distinguished clergymen and opera singers, Ingersoll dignified the jug as a "package," and puts the massive brain that flattened out Gladstone and Judge Blaine and Rev. Field to writing a card of thanks that will be about the right length to print on a business letter head or whisky label or in a newspaper advertisement.

"Whom the gods love die young." One trouble with lots of men is that they do not pick a good time to die. They live too long, and don't quit talking after they have said all they had to say. Talmage has gotten to be a regular old "Graceland," and his old sermons make me tired. Jeff

Davis was a hero, until in his old days, he wrote that letter to Texas against Prohibition.

Cassius M. Clay the only hero that Kentucky ever produced has insisted on living until he has repudiated all the prestige of his life by writing me a letter against Prohibition and woman suffrage.

In days gone by, I have laughed at Bill Nye until the tears run out of my eyes; but a few days ago I stood in the vestibule of the Lexington opera house and I could not wait two hours to hear Bill who was going to lecture there. He has mighty Nye petered out.

If Mark Twain could have had the foresight to die immediately after he wrote "Innocents Abroad" or the "Jumping Frog," he would have enjoyed the posthumous fame of being the greatest wit of America.

He got off a good one when he built his house with the back part of it to the street and said he did so to keep the servants from running through the house every time a brass band came along, but I am hoping every day to hear of his death, because I like him and am afraid he will do something to make a fool of himself.

If Ingersoll had died immediately after that lecture on "The Gods," or his nomination of Blaine, or his speech at the grave of his brother, or that letter to the afflicted mother in California, he would have been all hunky, and up until that time I am still for him, but I draw the line at his drumming for a whisky house.

Artemus Ward was lucky. Right in the height of his success he got killed in a railroad accident. But dear little Emma Abbott, got away with any of them. Right in the zenith of her glory, when the money was rolling in to her and she was rolling it out to the poor people, a dying man sent for her to sing for him. She went and sang and took pneumonia from the exposure and died, and in less than two minutes she was in heaven with a harp in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other singing the "Moor song" in "Mikado," and she's there to-day giving music lessons to the angels.

"Heathen Bob" has said a most Unpopular Thing."

Newspaper clippings containing Ingersoll's letter of thanks to Alfred Hammer for a jug of whisky that Alfred had sent him, are coming into me from different quarters.

They come in two instances from cultivated and literary ladies who have been friends of Ingersoll. They express the repudiation of the ladies, of what Ingersoll has done.

There are thousands of people all over the country who have admired him for his genius and for the gallant things he has said in behalf of women, and among these I have been one of the most "blatant," but I will drop him like a hot potato if he gets to boosting the liquor damnation.

That letter to Hammer is a stigma upon Ingersoll's fame that no true Rationalist will try to defend. It is about of a piece with that letter of Jeff Davis to Texas against Prohibition. A number of us heathen have talked about bringing Ingersoll to Lexington for a lecture, but I will not touch him with a ten foot pole until he apologizes for that whisky jug letter. If he had merely taken a jug of whisky and thanked the fellow for it, like a Kentucky "Christian" would do I would not kick about it; but Ingersoll knows that every thing he says is printed, and he evidently laid himself out to get up that whisky jug letter to show to his advantage in type, and he has the sense to know that it would be used to boost the liquor trade.

I am disgusted with it, and assure the good ladies who have sent me the newspaper extracts containing Ingersoll's jug letter that I am disgusted with the letter, and another one like that would disgust me with the man.

I will stand by him as long as he is for the right; but just as soon as he gets to supporting the whisky business, I put him in the list of moral cowards with such men as Billy Breckinridge and Lyman Abbott; and, Christian or infidel, they all go together into the slop bucket.

Somebody has spoken of mere reticence upon this liquor question as the "conspiracy of silence." It was bad enough in a man of Ingersoll's brain to have remained silent upon the subject of the liquor diabolism; but if he is to break that silence by an utterance in favor of it, I am against him.

A most cultivated woman who is a Rationalist, and who personally knew Ingersoll in Illinois, has written me a letter inclosing Ingersoll's printed jug letter, and she expresses her surprise that Ingersoll should have written such a letter, and thinks that he was once a drunkard. About that I do not know, but I am inclined to think it a mistake, as in all the efforts that have been made to down him nobody has ever assailed his moral character at any time of his life.

An Elegant Line of NEW SPRING GOODS!

Korah Moire. Korah Moire

CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THE BLADE MAY COME.

The issue of Oct. 31st begins the second year of the Blade, and I hope that those who intend to take it will be as prompt as they can in paying me for it—\$2.00 a year for persons in good circumstances, and \$1.00 a year for persons who can not afford to pay more, and will tell me so.

The Blade will go to all persons to whom it went last year who have not ordered it discontinued.

Those who have not paid me for last year will please do so, if they feel that they ought to do so, and if not, please notify me to discontinue it, in order that I may not incur further loss by sending it to them.

I will have no collector and will not dun you for it. If you are willing to pay me send the amount by mail and you will receive a receipt.

Fraternally yours, CHARLES C. MOORE.

MARCH'S FURNITURE STORE,

No. 24 West Main St.

The cheapest place on earth to buy Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Household Goods.

Baby Carriages at cost

THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

94 MILES. 110 MILES. 20 MILES THE SHORTEST. 4 EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY TO CHICAGO. Making direct connections in Central Union Depot for

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D. MILLER, Traffic Manager. G. P. & T.A. CINCINNATI, O.

Ingalls Tells Some Truth. The address of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls at Monona Lake on Prohibition expresses what has been said so much by Prohibitionists. Coming from a man who has been so prominent in public life his words will be taken as full of meaning when he says: "For fear of offending the radical Prohibitionists, for fear of offending the brewery interest, for fear of offending the distillers of whisky, there is no man in public life to-day that dares to tell the honest truth about Prohibition—not one."

This is John J. Ingalls who was one of the public men referred to. It is no more patent to observe men that this is so because John J. Ingalls has said so, but it is well he has said it. Supposing Blaine would free his mind about prohibition. Would he be the nominee of the republican party the next election? Would Hill or Cleveland if they gave their views?

When men say "liquor traffic" some one is hit very true. There is not another question before the people, nor will there be for ages a question of such magnitude. It makes it no more the truth because a prominent man says so, but it drives it closer home. In the battle of the great giants that will come on this question, such other questions as raise up a strife in politics now will subside into insignificance in comparison.

—Lester

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No. 12 NORTH LIME STONE ST. Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAIZER CELEBRATED CARTS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US. BAKER and BROS

HARTING & CRUICKSHANK,

SUCCESSORS TO H. A. WHITE,

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A Full Assortment of Stoves Constantly on Hand.

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We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices.

Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

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TAILORS!

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The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock.

We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices.

Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

WILSON & STARKS,

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THE GREATEST FIRE SALE

In the history of Lexington

The Fire in our place of business, did us just enough damage to necessitate the

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within the next Thirty Days. With this end in view we have marked every item down from one-half to one-third its value. This includes overcoats, suits and trousers for men, boys and children, underwear, neckwear, shirts, waists, collars, cuffs, gloves, hats, rubber goods, umbrellas, suspenders and hosiery; in short, everything in our building.

HERE IS A LINE TO GO BY.

25 cent linen collars go now at 10cts.
25 cent linen cuffs, 15c
35 cent silk scarfs, 15c
\$1.00 silk scarfs, 35c
25.00 overcoats, \$15.00
15.00 overcoats, 10.00

Now is your chance to lay in your Winter supply of clothing. You will not have another opportunity like this in a life-time. Everything goes but Only For Cash, and only for thirty days. Call early and take your pick.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

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5 East Main St. Lexington, Ky.

CASELL & PRICE,

The Largest Dealers in Central Kentucky, in the

Latest Style Dry Goods and Notions

New Goods, Choicest Styles and sold at the Lowest Prices for first-class goods. We invite the public to call and inspect our stock.

CASELL & PRICE,

16 and 18 West Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

Charles L. Moore
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th
One Year, 36 insertions.	\$10.00	\$8.00	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Six Months, 20 insertions.	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Three Months, 10 insertions.	\$3.00	\$2.50	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Two Months, Eight insertions.	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
One Month, Four insertions.	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Three insertions.	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Two insertions.	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Single insertion.	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00

150,000 ACRES OF LAND WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS
G. P. & T. A.
Cincinnati, O.

Appointments of Professor A. L. Voiers. Prohibition State Organizer.

Benson, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 6 1/2 p.m.
Little Rock, Wed. " 18, 6 1/2 p.m.
Minorsville, Thu. " 19, 6 1/2 p.m.
Oxford, Fri. " 20, 6 1/2 p.m.
Paynes Dept. Sat. " 21, 2 p.m.
Georgetown, Mon. " 23, 6 1/2 p.m.
Newtown, Tues. " 24, 6 1/2 p.m.
Centerville, Wed. " 25, 6 1/2 p.m.
Millersburg, Thur. " 26, 6 1/2 p.m.
Paris, Fri. " 27, 6 1/2 p.m.
Clintonville, Sat. " 28, 6 1/2 p.m.

Attention, Editor of the Kentuckian-Citizen.

"The Blue Grass Blade is surely crazier than ever," said a good Christian lady. Editor Moore says:—"Preachers here in Lexington are a worthless set" because they didn't get more than 62 votes in Lexington for Prohibition.—Kentuckian-Citizen.

The above is the beginning of a long list of extracts from the Blade with editorial comments thereon in the Kentuckian-Citizen of Nov. 14.

Col. Craddock, its editor has shown me distinguished kindness in making such extracts from the Blade. His paper is popular and has a wide circulation, and Democrat that he is, he has always given me a fair showing. In the very few instances in which he has rapped me I believe he thought I deserved it, and it is quite possible that I did. He and I have for years been good friends, and the only objection that I have ever had to him is that he has wasted so gentle a life on celebrity.

But I must beg leave to ask for a few particulars about that Christian lady who says I am "crazy"—not that it hurts me at all; in fact I rather enjoy it. Jesus Christ and St. Paul both had the reputation of being crazy, and I am in good company.

I suppose I have been called crazy four times as much as any man in the Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, but as yet it has not affected my appetite nor broken into my sleep.

But this is the first instance of which I know in which a lady has taken that view of my case.

All of the men of whom I know who have been saying that any time lately were such as were opposed to Prohibition.

I have boasted in my paper that the ladies were for me, and I think they are largely for Prohibition, and I just want to ask if this "good Christian lady" in Paris is for Prohibition.

Paris is the head of Bourbon county, and Bourbon has given its name to whisky, the world over. I suppose there is no place on earth where whisky is so worshipped as in Paris, Ky.

It has not been long since the Democratic papers in Paris, published that two Democratic church deacons, one of the Presbyterian church, and the other of the Christian church, notoriously bought votes with whisky to get a Democratic nomination.

I suppose there is no place in the world where whisky is so thoroughly soaked into the church as in Paris. There is probably less sentiment against the liquor traffic in Paris in proportion to its size than any town in the world.

Nearly all the people of any prominence in the town drink whisky, or are interested in the whisky business, and I do not suppose there is a preacher in the town who would dare say a word against whisky. The leading aristocracy of the town are distillers.

The Blade began its circulation by having friends at different points to furnish it lists of the names of what were supposed the best people in the different sections, and my paper was sent to them, kindly asking them to notify me if they did not want it.

Of all the papers to which my paper has gone, my books show that Paris has, in proportion to the persons receiving it for a year, had the fewest to pay me for it, and I never expect that they will pay me for it.

So that if "a good Christian lady" does blast me, I am glad she lives in Paris.

G. M. Brooks Endorses my "Attitude Toward the Church."

LEXINGTON, Nov. 14 '91.
MR. CHARLES C. MOORE, EDITOR—I am glad to see so many letters of encouragement addressed to you from some of the best men and women in the state, asking you to continue the publication of the Blade and not a few of whom are giving of their substance in its support. I want to see the Blade live, that it may cut in pieces all theoretical ideas unpracticed. Theory without practice is like faith without works. It is dead.

The saloon system can never be outlawed by prayers alone; from the fact that ballots are worth more in elections than prayers. I make this statement with due reverence for the prayer of a righteous man, for it "availeth much."

Aside from all criticism as to your attitude to the church, you are nearer right than many of your accusers, and I hope that I may have no reason to change my mind concerning the good I believe you to be doing—if not for time it may be for eternity.

I am going to support you with pen and voice, but still better with my money.
Bro. Moore, I enclose you \$1.00 from F. M. Calahan, Verona, Ky., also \$2.00 from R. L. Cassidy, Bethany, Ky., for which you can send them receipts, and oblige.
Your friend,
G. M. BROOKS.

Bro. Brooks was a member with me of the last Prohibition State Executive Committee, and though he is a young man, there is not a man in the world, whose endorsement I more highly value.

"The Churches that Protect it be Damned"—New York Voice.

The New York Voice of November 12th. has an editorial, a part of which I give, that sounds so much like the Blade that many readers of the Blade can recognize the similarity, to what I say, when I get to "talking in the plural tense"—as Uncle Jo Mosby from now on I should hear it read without knowing who wrote it I would think I had done so.

If I can keep the Voice reading the Blade a little longer I will make a good Prohibition paper of it.

The excerpt is as follows.
"Whether it helps the Prohibition party; whether it helps or hurts the temperance organization; whether it helps or hurts the churches; and whether it helps or hurts the 'Voice' or its publishers, we demand, in the name of humanity, in the name of those principles of righteousness and morality that outlive all parties and ante-date all churches, in the name of wrecked manhood outraged womanhood and crushed childhood, in the name of Christ in the 'glad news' that He preached, we demand that the churches shall rebuke those who are perpetuating by law this atrocity of drunkard-making, or stand branded as recreant to every principle that it professes to uphold. If our demand resulted in the obliteration of the Prohibition party to-morrow we would make it nevertheless. If it results in the destruction of every church organization on American soil the day after, we would reiterate it all the same. There is one thing that stands above all parties and creeds and State constitutions, and that is TRUTH. The institution that trembles and totters when the utmost truth gets itself spoken, is one that ought to tremble and is sure to totter. We have been told ad nauseam of the terrible effects our recent declarations would have upon the Prohibition Party. We don't believe one syllable of the forebodings, but if we believed them all they would make no difference. We are not assailing the church; but we assail a living lie that has got

itself into the churches, and we shed will probably make a Prohibition vote.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,"
Brutal men will laugh and applaud the saloon-keeper, but good women know what saloon-keepers do for woman and children, and this will make sympathy for Sam Small, and that will make sympathy for Prohibition, and they will put in a good word for it now and then to their husbands and brothers and sweethearts, and after a while, may be, things will get better.

It seems pretty hard that we have to stand the insult and outrage of men in a business of that kind, but let us "Learn to labor and to wait."

A Little hint to our Friends.

November 21, 1891.
C. C. MOORE—Please change address of my Blade to Box 131, Lexington, Ky., and oblige.
Geo. B. RANSHAW.

BOLD BAD CHARLES

Makes A Raid on Lexington and Escapes Alive.

Col. Charles C. Moore, the bold, bad editor of the Blue Grass Blade, made a raid on Lexington yesterday, probably concluding that the cold wave had cooled the atmosphere sufficiently for him to come to Lexington with safety. During the summer Col. Moore edited his paper at long range. Of course no one would want to shoot the compositors for anything printed in the Blade, especially when they were ladies. People who know Col. Moore say that notwithstanding his Quakerish notions on fighting, he would, if necessary, fight a circular saw, with a stack of wild-cats thrown in for good measure. It was reported during the summer, that Col. Moore had, when the temperature of the town got too hot, retired to Russell's Cave and set up in it his editorial sanctum, guarded by a grindstone hung over the door, with a patent trigger dropping it onto anyone hitting the fighting editor. This report, however, has not been verified. It is a fact, though, that Col. Moore is now editing his paper at a still longer range than before, having moved his sanctum from Russell's Cave to Georgetown. This distance will make things reasonably safe, provided the Colonel does not jump on to the Georgetown boys with both feet, thus opening a fire in his rear and compelling him to flank out toward Sadleville or Oxford.

But we have confidence in the military skill and tactical knowledge of Col. Moore, as he carried one of John Morgan's knapsacks through Europe—after the war. Just a common ordinary "scrapper" would have no more chance with him in an old fashioned "ground scuffle," than a fox-terrier would have with a male coon in Elkhorn creek. Col. Moore does not claim to be a fighter, but he has cut iron woods and built strong water gaps on his farm until he has muscle like John L. Sullivan. It would be advisable for the man who wants to whip him to attack him with a battery of artillery, or slip up on him with one of Uncle Sam's patent automobile torpedoes.—[Lexington Transcript.]

A Georgetown Prohibition dog.

Mr. Mucchie of Georgetown, is as his name would indicate, an Italian, and he is a good old citizen. Editor Garrett, of the Enterprise here has just gotten Mr. Mucchie to tell me about his dog. He says he has a dog to which he can give his pocket book, and send him to the butcher's or other places to make purchases for him, or to get his mail.

An Important Typographical Correction.

The Blade of November 21, makes me say "I hate the Yankees." It was a typographical error, and should have been "I hated the Yankees." It alluded to how I felt during the war, and does not at all express my present feeling. I voted for Clinton B. Fisk a Yankee General for President of the United States.

I do not use the term "Yankee" and "Rebel" invidiously, but simply "for short," instead of saying "Union soldier" and "Confederate Colonel."

The "Heathen" Blade to go to an old Time Quaker and Abolitionist.

EARLINGTON, Ky., Nov. 16, '91.
Charles C. Moore, Esq.
DEAR SIR—Find enclosed check on the bank of the state of New York for \$4.00.

Place \$2.00 to my credit, and send for the other \$2.00, a copy of the Blade to Geo. T. Atkinson, Mullien Hill, New Jersey.

Mr. A. is 81 years old—a Quaker—a temperance man, and was a Garrisonian Abolitionist.

I know he will enjoy the remarks of a heathen.

Yours,
JOHN B. ATKINSON.

So you see there are people in the world who are temperance workers who like me because I am a heathen. You know Bro. Duff of Lexington, some time ago gave me a dollar to send the Blade for 6 months to an old Bro. Overstreet, the old Brother—that is Overstreet; Duff is unmarried—

wrote me the other day that he had voted the Prohibition ticket for the first time in his life, since he had been reading the Blade, and he sent me some more money for it.

I am the only heathen editor of a Prohibition paper in the world, that I have ever heard of, and I don't think it's good policy for the Prohibition party to try to break me down. I don't think myself that it would work first rate to have too much of a heathen like me, but just one won't hurt, with all the pious Prohibition editors to counterbalance me.

If these pious Prohibition editors will just go ahead and let me alone, and keep up their end as well as I do mine, I'll bet we'll get the Anno Domini 1900. We'll get 500,000 votes in '92; we'll get 1,000,000 in '93, and in 1900, the 19 will stand for Prohibition and the two goose eggs will stand for Democracy and Republicanism.

"Mixed Drinks," a liquor paper published in Chicago, contains the following very significant advertisement:

Wanted—A situation. Owing to the fact that Sandwich has gone dry, our old friend, John G. Muench, vice president of district B, Liquor Dealers' and Manufacturers' Protective Association, will be obliged to close up in that town. He is looking for a position in some wholesale liquor house, and being well acquainted with the trade, would make, etc., etc.

Evidently prohibition prohibits in Sandwich, Illinois, or "our old friend" would not be obliged to close up. All this cry that prohibition does not prohibit is the veriest nonsense. It does prohibit wherever the officials do their duty. And wherever the law is honestly enforced it does produce the most beneficial results, no matter what liquor men say to the contrary.—Liberator.

Dickie's work.

The Prohibition party of North Dakota has been organized ready for business in 1892. A state central committee was organized consisting of H. Mott, Walsh county; A. J. M. Garver, Benson; Walter A. Muir, Cass; M. D. Williams, Stutsman; G. H. Warham, Kidder; E. L. Saunders, Cass; H. A. Foss, Grand Forks, and H. B. Richardson, Pembina. Mr. Foss is the editor of the Norman, the Scandinavian organ of the alliance. Mr. Muir is the late president of that organization and editor of the Independent, the organ of the people's party. Mr. Garver is the editor of the Benson County News. The committee-men are all pledged to the Prohibition party. A state convention will be called to meet next March to get the party in shape for the national campaign of 1892.

THE INEBRIATE'S MECCA.

Dwight, Ill., and its remarkable saloons, are the Mecca for drunkards. The modern Mecca, toward which the eyes of all repentant inebriates turn, is the little town of Dwight, Ill., in Northern Illinois, says a Dwight, Ill., letter in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is just now awakening to the fact that it is becoming a Mecca for drunkards, and has been to take upon itself a name. Every one who knows of the place knows it is the home of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, who boldly announces his ability to cure the drink habit. Ten or twelve years ago Dr. Keeley was spending all he could make in sending out circulars and trying to get himself before the people, and he has succeeded. There are over thirty States represented here among his patients, and they come from Massachusetts as well as from Michigan and Texas. He was not long ago in a little town of a few hundred, but he has gradually educated the people up to a knowledge of the fact that he is making the little bunch of houses famous, and the result is that the corporation swears by Keeley and his Institute. The Doctor intimated that the sale of any liquor at all in the city would hamper him in his work, and he has been known to leave for either love or money. He expresses his hatred for cigarettes, and since then for the small boy that article is an unknown luxury; it is impossible to get a package in the city.

Ten years ago Dwight was a struggling village of a few hundred; now it is a little city of between 1000 and 2000 people. Then there was a dozen saloons; now there are a dozen more. Twenty-nine new ones came in to-day. These 60 saloons pay to the Institute for each year, which cost \$10,000 altogether. They pay for board, etc., to be distributed through the city, an average of \$20 per week each, or an aggregate of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars annually.

A Pennsylvanian talking with an Arkansas, asked how many States were represented here, and the reply was thirty. Of course Illinois is on the list, but Missouri comes close behind. There were forty-two Missourians here last week, and the patients here now include residents of many counties in the State, and members of every profession. While my acquaintance among Missourians is not very extensive, I recognized to-day a prominent citizen of Liberty; I saw one of the best-known men in Howard county, an attorney of Springfield, a brilliant lawyer of Saline county, a learned Missouri jurist, and I am told there are numbers of other Missourians here. I talked with nearly every one of these Missourians, and each one seemed more enthusiastic than the preceding.

The same is true of prominent gentlemen from Gainesville, Ga., to Denver, Colo., and from Detroit, Mich., to Mobile, Ala. They seem to come from all over the country, and if they continue to increase in numbers as rapidly as they have of late, the institution is growing very rapidly, because every "graduate," as the cured patients are called, becomes an active, energetic, vigilant and untiring agent and solicitor for the infirm.

The departure and the previous arrival contrast very strongly in one respect. When a patient comes to Dwight he slips off pretends to be going somewhere else, and has his friends pledged to secrecy. When he leaves here he has already written or sent word to every one he knows, so secrecy being no longer possible, he leaves in a storm of farewell is

DO-NOTHING POLITICS.
A Union Prohibition League That Exists Only in Name.

Misled by the representations and arguments of Dr. A. J. Kynett of Pennsylvania, several earnest friends of Prohibition have advocated the "balance of power" plan of organization in the Union Prohibition League, similar to that organized in Pennsylvania on the defeat of the Amendment in that State.

Dr. Kynett has frequently referred to the Union Prohibition League for proof of what might be accomplished by such a "balance of power," but to those who have investigated, it is a very unsatisfactory argument.

Granting to Dr. Kynett credit for honesty and sincerity in proposing such an organization, the fact remains that the Union Prohibition League has done nothing but provide a method by which the righteous indignation of temperance workers has been diverted from its object and frittered away in empty resolutions and futile pleas. The Union Prohibition League exists now under Dr. Kynett's hat, and with great loyalty it devotes all its energies to electing itself delegates to conventions.

Recently the following questions were sent to most of the counties in Pennsylvania, with request for unbiased information:

1. Has the Union Prohibition League any membership in your county?

2. If so, what has it done in the line of temperance or Prohibition work, and how do its members vote?

3. What special work is it doing now?

4. Is it growing or diminishing in numbers and influence?

These questions were sent to old party men as well as Prohibitionists, and strange to say the replies are all alike. Without a single exception the report is that if Leagues had been organized they had done nothing, and if not now dead, existed only on paper, holding no meetings, doing no work, and its members, continuing to vote their party tickets straight.

The Grand Chief Templar of I. O. G. T. sums up the reports in his testimony. He says: "I have traveled all over the State, visited nearly every county and have never yet found such a thing as a Union Prohibition League except on paper and most of that paper worthless in the political market."

The place to organize Voters' Leagues is in the Prohibition party.

"PUT OFF THE BLAINE LIVERY"

A Stinging Struggle Said to Have Been Fought in the Senate.

A Washington special to The World says: Mr. Blaine's friends here assert that the failure of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention to recommend the nomination for President was due, not to the influence of outsiders like Clarkson or Dudley or Senator Quay, but of the real Blaine leaders in the Keystone State. They went firmly forward at the last moment and declared that the interests of Mr. Blaine should not be taken out of the hands of the men who had always been true to him and given over to those who had always been opposed to him.

It is averred that a leading Republican, a delegate to the Convention, sent this message to Quay at his hotel Tuesday night:

"As a friend of Mr. Blaine I protest against your programme, and if you attempt to carry it out I'll denounce it and the framer in open Convention. You are a Blaine man."

"The Blaine sentiment in this State needs no culling. It is strong and self-supporting, and the vote of Pennsylvania, in convention or at the polls, will attest the fact if Mr. Blaine desires it."

"But this Blaine sentiment, strong as it is, should not be used to rehabilitate a discredited politician, who has been driven from posts of prominence and responsibility. Surely the man whose services the President at this time can afford to dispense with is not one necessary in any way to the cause of a universal favorite like Mr. Blaine."

You must put off the Blaine livery. It does not become you, and no true friend of the Secretary relishes seeing you wear it."

It was this note, so the story goes, that caused Quay to pause, and that he turned the anti-Quay sentiment in the Convention. He saw that by attempting to carry through his endorsement of Blaine for President he would be putting his own and not Mr. Blaine's fortunes in jeopardy, and he himself did not dare to go as an issue before the Convention.

A World-Available Issue.

The colony of New South Wales is cursed with drink. As a result a Prohibition party has arisen there. The Sydney Morning Herald is not an advocate of the party, and yet it cannot but acknowledge the seriousness of the situation. It says:

"Without being either a fool or fanatic one cannot help seeing something in the annual bill of New South Wales. Here we have, for about a million of people, say, a total of from four to five millions of money spent every year in what is at best not necessary of life. That it brings comfort, ease, and solace sometimes, for the ill of life, may be freely admitted. But whether the comfort is not balanced by the discomfort, and the solace by the misery it brings, is hardly to be disputed.

One thing we do know, that, for what general fun it gives, it must have its bad side. It is the cause of more inebriation, domestic and social trouble than all other factors of human enjoyment; and that, making every allowance for the good it does in giving industrial employment and in raising revenue, the colony would as a whole be happier and more prosperous if there were no such thing as a glass of brandy or a pot of beer in New South Wales. This can be said with certainty, without the faintest trace of fanaticism. It is the cause of most of the violence, the greater part of the insanity, a large share of the embezzlements, and the greater part of the poverty with which the country is troubled. And without it we could dispense with half the goals and half the police, and the mad houses would have nearly nothing to do.—Lever.

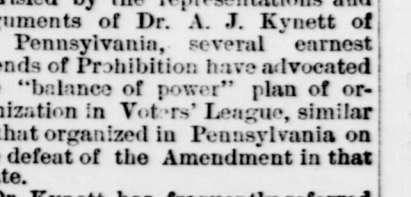
Indiana Activity.

Gov. St. John will make twenty speeches in Indiana, in November, under direction of the State Committee. LaPorte, Tipton, Franklin, Gosport, Ellettsburg, Sullivan, Parkersburg, Logansport and Royal Center, have already spoken for him.

A Wise Move.

The Prohibition papers of Ohio are to unite in an Ohio Prohibition Press Association for mutual consultation and help.

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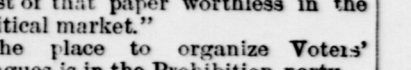
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The good Women and Contemtable men of Kentucky.

The saloon-keepers of Central City were visited the other evening by a band of women who asked them to close their doors and quit the business.—[Lexington Transcript.]

That item is from a Democratic paper, edited by a Presbyterian, who has lately admitted, editorially, that he sold the influence of his paper to a saloon-keeper to help him gain the mayoralty of Lexington.

Of course we could not expect such an editor to say anything in favor of that "band of women," or against the "saloon-keeper of Central City," or any other city. Kentucky editors are continually harping on the "fair women and brave men" of this state. Our women are fair, and as beautiful in mind and heart as to be found under the sun, but our men are contemptible cowards of the most contemptible variety of cowardice.

Like a lot of sneaks they will stand and see their wives and sisters and mothers and sweet hearts go and beg some durned Irishman or Dutchman or low white man not to sell whisky; and then when that "band of women" has gone away, these "gallant Kentuckians" will sneak around some back alley, and get in and take a drink and apologize to these liquor toughs for what their wives and mothers and daughters have done. And of these Christian hypocrites who are too pious to drink at the saloons, because it is cheaper to buy whisky by the "vinegar" jugful, the very best will smile apologetically for the "band of women," when they talk with their political chums and bums about the Prohibition cranks.

Every now and then we read in the newspapers of some "gallant Kentuckian" who walks on a train and sees some great big fellow, weighing three or four hundred pounds, who refuses to give a seat to a lady. As the story goes the "gallant Kentuckian" walks up to the big man catches him by the back of the neck and the seat of the breeches, takes him to the door and kicks him off the train just as it is in the middle of a bridge a thousand or two feet high.

There never was a bigger he told since Jo Mulhatten was born. The average "gallant Kentuckian" gets on a train, takes one seat and puts his grip on another, and proceeds to spit tobacco juice, and brag on our race horses, whisky, and Jo Blackburn.

Old Bourbon Versus "Old Bourbon."

PARIS, KY., Oct. 1891.
DEAR SIR—Enclosed find one dollar for the B. G. B. I am glad to see that you are on the trip to regale us with the literature of the Blue Grass State.

Long may you live to aid in the suppression of vice and the improvement of the morals and sociability of the people—to teach the professed godly that they are apeing the devil himself who taught that if they have not the mark in the palm of the hand or on the forehead, we must neither buy of them, nor sell to them, in order to force them by starvation and want into their ranks.

This is a church policy and makes infidels faster than they can mould out Christians of their kind.

WILLIAM KENNEY.

Paris is the county seat of Bourbon county. It is especially gratifying to get any encouragement for Prohibition from that county.

Bourbon has given its name to the bottled damnation that has carried its fame to every nook and corner of the earth where Christian fools can be found to drink it. The religion of the heathen will not allow them to drink it.

If there is a devil, Bourbon county is nearer and dearer to his heart than any place of its size on earth.

If I should take a contract to bore a well so deep that the artesian fire of hell would spout out, I should pick for the place where hell comes nearest the surface, and would rig my derrick in front of the Christian church in Paris, Kentucky.

If when the American colonies were first settled, some prophet could have foreseen the career of Bourbon county, it would have been a good expenditure of time and labor if they had suspended all business and marched to the county, and not stopped until its very soil would have been so demolished that it would be, until this day a howling wilderness, like the site of Babylon.

No place of its area on earth has done so much to curse humanity.

When Christian America comes to its senses, the very name of Bourbon will be a hissing and a by-word of reproach. Think of the moral degradation of a people who can boast, as those of Bourbon do, that their county has given the name to a damnable

drink which men have "put into their mouths to steal their brains away," and which has produced so many murders, and shed so much blood and so many tears, and made such groans and agonies of women and helpless wailing of children, that if it all could be spread for one day, in one grand panorama, with the whole of Kentucky for a stage, men would say that hell had broken loose on the earth.

Miserable, ignorant, misguided, benighted people! You sing of sending the gospel to the heathen of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and yet there are millions of heathen who would spurn with contempt, the fame of which you boast.

The Lexington City Officials as They Appear to a Democratic Editor and as they Appear to me.

The City Council of Lexington will be composed of first-class, representative men, and they can be depended on to carefully guard and protect the interest of our people. No city in the State can show a better set of men.—[LEXINGTON TRANSCRIPT.]

The Council alluded to in the above editorial, and the other officials elected at the same time, are published in the Transcript as follows—headlines and all just as they appear here.

Democratic Ticket.

City Election Saturday March 6 1892.

For Mayor, J. HULL DAVIDSON.
For Collector, STEPHEN G. SHARP.
For Recorder, JAMES R. JEWELL.
For Treasurer, JAMES F. ROBINSON.
For Auditor and Assessor, MATT FOURBEE.
For Attorney, WILLIAM PRESTON KIMBALL.
For Surveyor, PETER P. O'NEIL.
For Recorder's Clerk, CON J. REAGAN.
For Keeper of Workhouse, JAMES WILKERSON.
For Physician, A. W. JONES.

First Ward—Aldermen, WHIT MOLONY, MILES MCGRATH, Councilmen.

M. McNAMARA, JAS. McCORMACK, D. T. MATLACK.

Second Ward—Aldermen, G. A. DELONG, P. SLAVIN, Councilmen.

T. LOGAN HOCKETT, RICHARD GARLAND, D. F. FRAZEE.

Third Ward—Aldermen, E. L. HUTCHISON, W. H. BOSWELL, Councilmen.

M. BENCKART, W. J. HOLMES, B. J. TREACY.

Fourth Ward—Aldermen, LOUIS STRAUS, J. B. SIMKALL, Councilmen.

DR. F. O. YOUNG, W. J. HOULIHAN, B. B. WILSON.

Before I begin my animadversion upon that "Democratic ticket," I will make some prefatory observation on the editor of that paper; and before I do that I will state that a Democratic nomination in Lexington is equivalent to an election; the Republicans having no candidate, and those men are now virtually the officers of the city of Lexington.

I was a reporter on the Transcript when it was the most prominent paper in Lexington, and in that capacity learned the greater part of what I know about the men on that ticket.

Personally I have nothing against the editor of the Transcript.

While he was not generous to me, he came up to his contracts with me, and that is all I have a right to ask of any man. To the journalistic course of the editor of that paper I have the most radical objection.

He was in the Yankee army. Nearly the entire white male population of this city are Confederate Colonels.

I knew that editor for seven years before I ever knew he had been in the Yankee army, though we discussed politics and the war and everything else that goes into a newspaper, and things that would not do to go into a newspaper. I wanted the slaves to be freed, and the government ripped wide open like a watermelon, right across Mason and Dixon's line from ocean to ocean. My last Presidential vote was for Clinton B. Fisk, a Yankee general, for President of the United States, and for John A. Brooks a rebel soldier for Vice President of the United States.

Recently all the newspapers in Lexington except mine, have been mad at each other, and got to telling tales out of school. This included a Republican paper, real or so called, edited by a Yankee carpet bagger with a broad cerulean blue stripe running down the bay window on the front elevation of his anatomical architecture. His paper was run with the throttle valve, opened, add two fifty-

sixer on the safety valve, in the interest of Hull Davidson, a Democratic saloon-keeper.

He either did this because he was paid by Davidson for doing it, or because that was his natural political preference. These newspapers accused each other of robbing the city, and leading Democratic papers accused leading Democrats of the city of stealing money out of the city treasury just as other newspapers speak of train robbers getting money out of express cars. The Transcript said of one of these men who had just resigned the treasuryship of the state of Kentucky that he and another Lexington Democratic editor had gotten all that was left in the city treasury of \$600,000, after another man whose name appears in the above Democratic ticket had stolen \$11,000 and another editor had stolen 130,000. This resigned Treasurer whose name is on the above list, whom the Transcript accused of being one of two equal partners who were responsible for the disappearance of \$600,000 less \$11,000 but whom the Transcript now endorses in the above editorial, succeeded Dick Tate, the Democratic Stat. Treasurer who stole from the state \$350,000, "loaned" a good part of it to prominent state officers, and is today in hell or China.

Amid all this internecine journalistic strife I stood like that "boy who stood on the burning deck, eating peanuts by the peck," or like the statue of "Liberty enlightening the World" holding aloft a large olive branch, and pouring coal oil on the trouble waters by the barrel, "but the booming guns alone replied, and fast the flames rolled on."

The outside world would have looked upon the *melee* as a case of dog eat dog, except for one little incident that got to be interesting to the rest of the newspapers in the state.

The Press, a Democratic paper, charged the Transcript with having taken \$500.00 to sell out its editorial columns to Hull Davidson. The Transcript did not deny it. There is not a Democratic or Republican newspaper in the state except the Courier-Journal, that would not sell out its editorial columns to the devil for \$500.00. The Courier-Journal is a little higher toned than the others—it would want \$600.00.

Some of the other papers in the state including the Courier-Journal didn't have sense enough to keep their mouths shut, and geyed the Transcript about its sell out. When they made it so hot for the Transcript that it could not stand it any longer its editor came out in an editorial and not only acknowledged the coin but claimed that it was as legitimate journalism as advertising for business men.

Now whether the above editorial, that made six lines in the Transcript, was included in the Transcript \$500.00 contract with Davidson, or was put in afterward for good count, as the market man sometimes puts another potato on top of the peck you buy, I do not know.

But as a dead give away of Kentucky journalism it beats the record.

It has done more to assist Prohibition in that one issue than the Southern Journal, and Worker, and the Blade have done in a year.

I have allowed myself five years to carry Kentucky for Prohibition and Woman's Rights, but if the other Democratic editors don't decoy off the Transcript man and chuck him over Niagara falls, like the Masons did Morgan, or pay him to hush or close him up, somehow or other, we will have Prohibition here in half the time I have allowed.

Now I am going to tell you about that "Democratic ticket" that the Transcript thinks is such a lovely lot for the interest of this City. I will state what I believe to be facts about them, and they will be recognized as such by hundreds of prominent men in this city, and upon the accuracy of this statement I am willing to stake my reputation as a newspaper reporter, in a case that would not demand special investigation.

If any gentleman in good standing in any learned profession in Lexington, except journalism, believes that my statement is so inaccurate as to indicate a prejudice in me, in making it, and will write to me to that effect over his own name I will publish his communication in the Blade, if he will specify the particulars in which he thinks I have misrepresented them.

There are in that "Democratic ticket," thirty men. Of these there are five that I do not know, or know much about. Of them there are only four who have the *entree*, into what is truly our best society in the town. Of that four, one is intellectually pretty weak. Every man on that ticket will take a drink of whisky.

Twenty-one of them will go into a saloon and get a drink of whisky, twelve are "drinking men," six are drunkards, five are saloon-keepers, three are ex-saloon-keepers, nineteen can not speak the English language grammatically, or approximately so. Only three are members of any

learned profession, and one of those never was a student at any college. Nine of them are Catholics who believe that St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. Only four of them—so far as I know—are members of any Protestant church, and one is a Jew. Four are race horse men, two are dead beats, who are not good for their debts, twelve of them I would not lend \$100.00 on his own name, if I were a banker.

There is not a man in the whole lot who has distinguished himself as a public benefactor. There is one of them who ought to be in the penitentiary. There are only three men in the lot who are even first-class "smart" men, and there are only two men of first-class brains in the whole gang.

The Lexington Transcript Guilty of Unprofessional Conduct.

The Lexington Press charged its cotemporary, the Transcript, with selling its support to one of the candidates for Mayor during the recent municipal canvass. The Transcript not only don't deny the soft impeachment, but makes a defense of its action. It claims that such a "transaction" is as honorable as one made with other advertisers—in fact is a species of advertising.—[Georgetown Times.]

The Lexington Press accuses the Transcript with selling its editorial support in the recent municipal campaign to J. H. Davidson, the successful candidate for Mayor for \$500. The Transcript admits the charge. From the charges and counter charges made by each faction it appears to a man up a tree that city politics at Lexington are in the last stage of corruption. Friday's Courier-Journal makes the following comment upon the deplorable state of affairs existing at the Athens of the West.

The ebb of the political tide is leaving an offensive deposit of mud that constrains the public to hold its nose. The papers and politicians are blackguarding each other liberally, and if half they say is true the last state of that town is at least no better than it has been.—[Winchester Sun.]

"J. H. Davidson the successful candidate for Mayor" is the proprietor of a saloon in Lexington. But his fitness or unfitness for the mayoralty has "nothing to do with the case" under consideration, and for the sake of the argument we will assume he is the best fitted man for the position in the city.

I am not a member of the Kentucky Press Association and never intend to be, and having no organic opportunity to express my sentiments as to the position the Transcript has taken regarding the use of its editorial columns, I will get from under the imputation cast upon the journalistic fraternity of the state, by saying here that I unqualifiedly repudiate the "transaction" of the Transcript as being unprofessional, and calculated to destroy any influence for good that the press may claim to have.

In justice to the press generally, I demand that Kentucky Press Association that at its next meeting it shall take cognizance of the conduct and announced editorial tenet of the Transcript and pass a resolution repudiating them.

The "Octographic Review" on Revs. Robert Graham and Robert Milligan.

A certain racy infidel writer, who glories in his infidelity, but fights bravely and grandly against the unspeakable rum curse, says he never called but three men lovely men. He only knew three that deserved to be called lovely men. One of these I never met. The other two are Robert Graham, President of the college of the Bible, and Robert Milligan, good Bro. Milligan, the best man God ever gave me the privilege of knowing personally, who used to be president of the college of the Bible, and at whose feet I had the grand privilege of sitting for four years. Calling Graham and Milligan lovely shows his good taste and splendid judgment. Owing to similarity of character, I judge he would have deemed Carroll Kendrick also a lovely man if he had known him.—[Octographic Review.]

The above is from an article, by Barton S. Gardner in a California paper.

I am evidently the gentle heathen alluded to for I have written those words and I am somewhat averse to the "rum curse."

Maryland's Campaign.

The campaign is opening up and our candidates are developing into splendid campaigners. The news from the State are most encouraging. In some places weekly meetings are being held and at many more a series of special meetings are being planned. We have as strong candidates as any party can find, and our platform meets to meet with general favor.

The influence of the meetings of Glyndon Park is still at work and many will cast their first vote for the Prohibition party this Fall. The people seem hungry for the truth, and reports of the attendance at our meetings are very encouraging. Our most very good returns from Maryland.

CALL TO YOUNG VOTERS.

THE YOUNG MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS ISSUE A STRONG ADDRESS.

A New Era for Young Men—A Live Issue for Live Men—A Patriotic Duty. A Young Men's Party Needed—The Prohibition Party Calls.

The following call has been issued by the Massachusetts Young Men's Prohibition Club:

We wish to speak to our generation, to the young men of Massachusetts who were born since Lincoln was elected president and to whom the civil war is only an important matter of history. The questions which divided our fathers are no longer vital in American politics. A new era is opening up for new men. We wish to speak concerning the work of to-day, of a duty as great and as specific as was that of the men who maintained the union and brought liberty to the slave. We believe the generation of young men now entering into the active control of affairs, and that the appetite for alcoholic stimulants "accompanies public and private enterprise, constancy of purpose, liberality of thought and aptitude for war." If this brilliant philosopher be right, the American man is, according to the testimony of recent observers, hastening to decay. For it is agreed that, whether on his holiday or at his business, he is becoming more temperate.

Self-interest rather than "growing self-respect, education and better breeding" is at war with the drinking habit as excess. For it interferes with a man's prospects in life to be ranked as a drunkard or even as a regular tippler. Convivial drunkenness has come to be regarded as a nuisance, and drinking at bars in business hours is becoming disreputable. In this, as in other matters, fastidiousness and practical sense go hand in hand.—N. Y. World.

GREAT CONVENTIONS.

New York and Massachusetts Prohibitionists Open Their Campaigns.

The New York State convention was held at Albany Sept. 2 and 3. A strong platform was adopted, the liquor planks being as follows:

1. The record of the licensed traffic in the State and nation demands the continued existence of a party pledged to its entire suppression.

2. That the license, whether for lot or for the liquor traffic, is a moral beverage is erroneous in theory and has proved ineffectual in practice, to destroy or check intemperance or to lessen the evils resulting therefrom, and we demand a repeal of all laws legalizing the traffic, and the substitution in their place of total legal prohibition.

3. That the failure of the Legislature to comply with the requirements of the constitution to provide for submission to the voters of the State of the Prohibition Amendment has again demonstrated that both Democratic and Republican legislators are subject to the control and domination of the liquor interests, and that they and the parties they represent are unworthy of support.

4. That the suppression of the liquor traffic is the dominant political issue in nation and State, and we appeal to all voters to join in an heroic endeavor to de throne the political rum power now dragging at its chariot wheels the two great prostituted parties of our land and to destroy its influence in the nation.

The ticket is composed of representative business men of the State, and is one of the strongest ever named by any party.

The ticket is as follows:

For Governor—Joseph W. Bruce, of Canastota, Madison county.

For Lieutenant-Governor—George W. Hallock, of Orient, Suffolk county.

For Secretary of State—William E. Booth, of Genesee, Livingston county.

For Controller—William W. Smith, of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county.

For Treasurer—Francis Crawford, of Mt. Vernon, Westchester county.

For Attorney-General—Calvin S. Crocker, of Buffalo, Erie county.

For State Engineer—Henry P. Forbes, of Canton, St. Lawrence county.

Massachusetts had the greatest convention in her history at Worcester September 9. It was great in numbers, great in wisdom, great in enthusiasm, great in strength of its platform and ticket, great in the fact that the young men of the State were out in force, and great in that the old men, veterans of the Prohibition reform, welcomed them heartily, gave them a full share of the labors and thanked God and took courage.

The Young Men's Prohibition Club of Massachusetts under its able and energetic president, Geo. R. Cook, was there in full force, and the great ratification meeting at night was under its auspices.

Volunteer speakers from the club will stump the State throughout and be a great factor in the future work.

Every candidate is nominated by acclamation, and the ticket is a strong one.

For Governor—Charles E. Kimball, of Lynn.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Augustus R. Smith, of Lee.

For Secretary—Alfred W. Richardson, of Springfield.

For Auditor—William O. Armstrong, of Boston.

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Organize Clubs.

Chairman Dickie's pamphlet on "How to Organize and Maintain Prohibition Clubs" is now out and will prove very valuable to party workers.

The recent call for the organization of such clubs has received enthusiastic endorsement, and there is no doubt that the Prohibition Party will have thousands of clubs in good working order before 1892. Organize, organize, organize. Send to National Prohibition Headquarters, 10 East Fourteenth Street, New York, for the pamphlet, and also for the Club Programme and Plan of Work for October which is also ready. All Prohibition Clubs, whether new or old, are earnestly requested to send the names and addresses of their officers to the National Headquarters.

Useful supplies will be furnished them free of charge.

A Legal Drunkenness.

The saloon-keeper is authorized to work on the sober man till he is made a drunkard and goes down in the gutter, then after the damnable mischief is done, the law says to the bar keeper he must quit hitting the poor fellow and go after fresh material—other husbands—and likewise fashion them into finished jobs, ready-made for hell. This is the law the church bibles make and they help pay taxes and pave streets. This law is not a product of the Christianity of the Apostles and early fathers, but a bastard thing, a churchianity that loads the air with a mixed smell of the bar-room and the pit.—The Issue.

Official Declaration.

"I confidently venture the declaration to whomsoever it may concern that the republican party is in favor of high license and not in favor of Prohibition."—President Harrison's address to California wine growers.—Oakland (Cal.) Sentinel.

The Decay of Drunkenness.

There was a time when it was accounted a sign of weakness or a poor spirit for a gentleman to go to bed sober. The high livers of these days would hardly regard it as an evidence of progress that in our time no one can reconcile the character of a gentleman with the habit of going to bed drunk.

It is not many years since a public speaker in England declared that "a national love for strong drink is a characteristic of the nobler and more energetic populations of the world," and that the appetite for alcoholic stimulants "accompanies public and private enterprise, constancy of purpose, liberality of thought and aptitude for war." If this brilliant philosopher be right, the American man is, according to the testimony of recent observers, hastening to decay. For it is agreed that, whether on his holiday or at his business, he is becoming more temperate.

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